

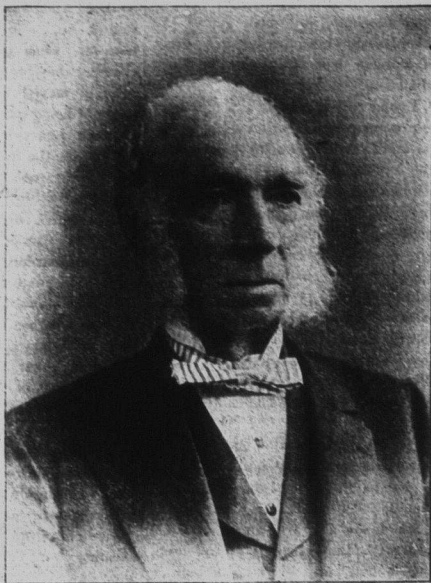
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

AUDITOR GENERAL JAMES S. BEEK, OF FREDERICTON.

Nearly a Quarter of a Century in His Present Responsible Position—What Fredericton was like in Olden Times—A Life of Honorable Usefulness.

A familiar figure on the streets of the Capital City for more than half a century has been the gentleman whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue. Familiar also has he been to many an anxious claimant who has haunted the government offices in that city, and who he to said claimant should he fondly hope to have some bogus demand or overcharge pass muster before the eagle eye of Auditor General Beek.

Mr. Beek was appointed Auditor General of the province in November, 1867, four months after the Confederation of Canada. He has filled the office continuously since that date, and it is nothing more than justice to say that his courteous manner, his vigilance, his industry and his accuracy as an accountant have gained for him the universal esteem of all political parties. Mr. Beek would be a man of note anywhere, but then, the little Capital city is so accustomed to producing notable men that it takes them as a matter of course.



AUDITOR-GENERAL JAMES S. BEEK.

Mr. James S. Beek is an Irishman by birth, having been born on the first of June, 1814, in Bandon, County of Cork. With the other members of his family he came to New Brunswick in 1823 and settled in Fredericton. At that time Fredericton was a town of not more than a fourth of its present population. All that part of it which is back of the old Cemetery was a wilderness. The block of land enclosed by Regent, King and Carleton streets was a common on which the cattle of the community grazed in peaceful pensiveness. Where the church hall now stands was a pond where many a brace of snipe and plover was bagged by the young sportsmen of that day. Steamboats had just begun to ply on the river between Fredericton and St. John, and all the freight traffic was still carried on by sloops. It was in the old "Saint John" that the Beek family made the passage from St. John, the trip occupying fourteen hours. All the business of Fredericton at that time was located on Queen street.

FORCED TO EXPLAIN A JOKE.

A Critical Reader Finds Fault With A Correspondent's Quotation. I don't know of a more melancholy task that can fall to the lot of the newspaper man, than to be obliged to explain a joke in merciless black and white, and now, thanks to a gentleman who signs himself first "Polonius," and then scratches it out, and substitutes "Visitor"—this usually supercilious work is forced upon me. My enthusiastic friend is pleased to take exception to one expression in my harmless little screed about the Moncton water supply, and he does it in these words:

To the Editor of Progress: I would regard it as a special favor if you would kindly inform your Moncton correspondent, that it is the office of Hamlet's step father, and not Hamlet's father's body that is "Rank and Smells Heaven," as per his letter in your issue of the 7th inst. The selection is as ridiculous as the idea is disgusting. Visitor, Liverpool, N. S., Feb. 10th, 1891.

Now, you know, really, "Visitor," it was not at all nice of you to go and give me away to the editor that way; and at the same time patronize him gently by implying that he knew no more about Shakespeare than I did, and so let the "solonics" get into his paper without ever discovering it. But the fact is that the editor was almost as much amused at your letter as I was myself. So much by way of introduction: now to explain that joke.

There are many of Shakespeare's plays with which I am unfamiliar—in fact I think about 30—but if you wish to puzzle me in either Hamlet, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, or The Merchant of Venice, you will have to—as the boys say—get up very early in the morning. I haven't got my Shakespeare at hand, but if I mistake not, the proper quotation is:

"O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven." And it is the opening line of King Claudius (of Denmark) soliloquy. Well, my little joke—which you are pleased to misquote, saying I spoke of the body of Hamlet's father, instead of his shade—was taken from a burlesque of the play, which I once read, and which pictured the ghost as rising from the lower regions and bringing with it a strong odor of sulphur. The idea seemed ridiculous to me that I used it, fancying all readers of Shakespeare would see the utter, and exquisite, absurdity of the fancy.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MORTON'S OIL GUARANTEED TO ANY ADDRESS.

As a boy, Mr. Beek attended for a short time the public schools of Fredericton, but most of his education was the result of private study, both before and while he was serving as a merchant's clerk. For about 20 years he conducted a general merchandise business in the city, and afterwards filled various civic and county offices. For about a dozen years he was an alderman. In 1859 he ran for mayor, defeating the late Mr. Needham by a vote of 353 to 243, and in the two following years was elected unopposed to that position. For several years he was judge of the court of common pleas, and from 1864 to 1867 was librarian for the legislative assembly, since which date he has, as before

stated, filled his present honorable and responsible position. In politics Mr. Beek is a Liberal-Conservative, and in his younger days was an active partisan. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, and occupies the position in the order of master mason. In religion he is a member of the Church of England, and has almost all his life been an ardent worker in the cause of temperance. In this capacity he was allied for many years actively with the Sons of Temperance, and filled the office of president of the United Temperance Association of New Brunswick. He has been three times married: first to Margaret Barker, of Mangerville; then to Mary Elizabeth Garrison, of St. John; and then to his present wife, Emma R., daughter of the late John R. Partelow, of Fredericton. He has two children living; also one brother, Richard, who, aged 78, resides at Lockport, N. Y. Mr. Beek is a man of liberal views, whose genial, kindly instincts time has not ruffled. That he may be spared many years to occupy the office he so well fills is the wish of all who know his worth.

and little dreaming that anyone would be found to rise up and vindicate the delinquent poet, by solemnly correcting me. And so you disapprove of Shakespeare's expression, do you "Visitor?" since you say the idea is disgusting. Poor Shakespeare! how fortunate for him that he is dead, and buried, and so can never be wounded by the knowledge of your disapprobation! Go to! "Visitor," thou art verily the twin brother of the immortal Mr. Barlow, who talks through the pages of Sanford and Merton instructing and correcting everybody with whom fate brings him in contact. But, of a surety thou hast overreached thyself this time, since I firmly believe that thou, and thou alone, of all my thousands of readers, failed to see through that innocent little joke, which I sent out as a sort of carrier pigeon, and which, alas! was grabbed on the way by a bird of prey and torn in pieces.

Don't Do It Again. "Hulloa, Jack! what are you doing? trying to sew?" "Can't you see what I am doing? I am trying to darn my socks! and a nice time of it I am having, too."

"Well, I wouldn't use black thread if I were you, it doesn't look well, and it makes a hard lump."

"Why, what do you use? is white thread any better?" "Oh! I don't use anything of that sort now, there is no necessity."

"You don't mean to say you are married, Jim?" "Oh, no! I can't afford that until I get a better salary, but I send all my things to Ungar's Steam Laundry now, and they come home all mended and fixed just as well as mother herself could do it. It is a specialty of theirs now, and we fellows save an end of money by it. Just you try them Jack."

"Thank you for telling me about it old fellow. I will."—Adet.

Its Looks were Against it. Policeman—"Where did you get that chain?" Flasher—"I bought it, of course. Did you think I stole it?" Policeman—"It looks like guilt."—Er.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MORTON'S OIL GUARANTEED TO ANY ADDRESS.

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample packages send three cent stamp to

OLD TIMES RECALLED.

DAIS WHEN LANERGAN REIGNED AT THE LYCEUM.

Who Won Popular Favor in Well Known Plays—An Incident at an "Octoroon" Performance—How "East Lynne" Impressed a Jolly Tar.

In speaking of the drama of Leah the Forsaken, in a former letter, I forgot to mention an important fact that may not be generally known, and that is, when the play was first produced at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in 1862, Mr. Lanergan was the original "Father Hermon" in the cast; Miss Kate Bateman being the "Leah," Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., the "Nathan," and Mr. Edwin Adams the "Rudolf." Mr. Lanergan told this fact to me, and I see by the cast in the play book that it is just as he said.

A very great favorite at the Lyceum was Jessie Brown's dramatization of the incident in connection with the Relief of Lucknow, during the Hindoo rebellion and the mutiny of the Sepoys, and it was in annual demand. The piece is emphatically one for a British audience to tully sympathise with, but I saw it at the Boston theatre, with the author, Mr. Dion Boucicault, in the character of the Nana Sahib, and a wonderful performance it was. The cast in St. John was as follows:

The Nana Sahib.....W. H. Callings
Randal McGregor.....N. T. Davenport
George McGregor.....W. H. Davenport
Rev. David Blount.....J. B. Fuller
Sweeney.....W. J. Wiggins
Casidy.....T. H. Burns
Achmet.....E. Beck
Jessie Brown.....Mrs. Lanergan
Amy Campbell.....Mary Sherlock
Alice.....Madeline Hardy
Mary.....Mrs. Brown

At that time the 15th Regiment, under the command of Col. Grierson, was in garrison, and a detachment of troops was always allowed to attend and assist in the production of the piece. Some Highland pipers from the 78th Regiment, also gave valuable assistance.

The Octoroon was another strong drama that the Lyceum manager was fond of producing, and it is to the present day one of the best drawing bills that can be offered. Introducing the three races—white, Indian and negro—filled with strong situations and climaxes, winding up with one of the most beautiful and effective tableaux, it makes a powerful and lasting impression, and people never weary of seeing it. It always had a strong caste at the Lyceum, as the one appended will clearly demonstrate:

Salem Scudder.....F. Hardenberg
Jacob McClosky.....J. W. Lanergan
George Peyton.....H. H. Crisp
Wah-see.....S. H. Folsberg
Rats.....Shirley France
Mr. Sunnyside.....J. B. Fuller
Pete.....J. H. Browne
Col. Pointexter.....T. H. Shannon
Lafourche.....H. R. Lanoue
Zoe.....Rachel Noah
Mrs. Lanergan.....Mrs. Lanergan
Dora Sunnyside.....Susie Cleer
Mrs. Peyton.....Louisa Morse
Dido.....Mrs. Browne

The gentleman who played "Salem Scudder," Mr. Frank Hardenberg, was the favorite character actor of the Boston Museum, for many years, and I think, only was with Mr. Lanergan the one season; Mr. Harry Crisp was also the popular juvenile man from the same theatre, and was well liked in St. John.

Speaking of the Octoroon reminds me I was playing the piece a few years ago in Littleton, N. H., and in the auction scene, where the Octoroon is sold, the villain of the play, "Jacob McClosky," bids high for her, and, finally, not to be beaten, calls out: "Twenty-five thousand dollars!"

An individual in the audience, evidently carried away by his feelings, and being unable to restrain his impatience, yelled out: "Thirty thousand!"

All eyes were at once directed at the offender, and the chief of police took him by the collar, and he made a hasty exit, remarking as he did so: "I don't want to be an actor if there is no more appreciation of spontaneous feeling!"

I saw him the next day and he proved to be a book agent, and said he was sorry he had interrupted the performance, but his feelings overpowered him. As he did not have the perfume of "Araby, the Blest," lingering around him, but smelt strongly of five cent gin, and was in a maudlin state of sentimentality, I freely forgave him.

Perhaps the most popular comedian of all that Mr. Lanergan had was the late Mr. W. Fiske, generally known as "Mose" Fiske. After the Lyceum season was through, in 1868, Mr. Fiske, in company with Mr. W. H. Callings (mentioned in the cast of Jessie Brown) went to Halifax for a few weeks and produced East Lynne, among other pieces. The night this play was advertised, Mose was standing at the theatre door, when one of Her Majesty's gallant sailors came up and said: "I believe you play the East Wind to-night; how does she blow—pretty stiff?"

Mose replied that there was every prospect of a freshening breeze. The gallant tar gave a hitch and a lurch, and shouted: "Crowd all sail—all aboard!"

He proceeded inside, and was so much taken with the play, that he insisted on seeing Mr. Fiske before he would leave, at the ORATOR'S OFFICE, 207 Union Street, opposite the corner of the old building, N. B., Canada.

the end of the piece. Mose finally saw him, when the sailor said: "See here, you blubber; you told me there was a good stiff east wind; but I didn't see anything but water—for the tears were in my eyes most of the time!"

This incident Mr. Fiske related to me the last time I saw him in Providence, R. I., in 1885. H. PRICE WEBBER.

A Gross Deception.

A lady in this city has a handsome Irish setter, which has never been known to desert its mistress. Last week a lady visitor was staying at the house, and on the day after her arrival was taken by a gentleman friend for a drive. The day being quite raw, she muffled herself up well, and at the suggestion of the hostess donned a fur-lined cloak belonging to the latter. No sooner did she open the door than the setter showed every sign of recognition, and bowed joyfully along in company with the sleigh. On returning from the drive, the lady visitor took off the cloak in the hall, in the presence of the dog, and was saluted with a running fire of barks from the animal, called forth, doubtless, by the conviction that a gross deception had been practised upon him.

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. have just received:

BROWN BREAD FLOUR, WHEAT FLAKES, DESSICATED WHEAT, BARLEY GRITS, WESTERN GREY BUCKWHEAT, PURE BROWN HONEY, GOLDEN SYRUP. 32 Charlotte street.

Rector—"I haven't seen you at church lately."

Old Woman—"No, sir; I heered as how it was very unhealthful to sleep in the daytime."—Er.

To Robert Burns.

Sweet singer, that I love the maid
Of my ain, and I'll e'er be true
I smacked my hands over the taste
Of him that sang,
I hail thee, though a blessed ghost
In Heaven laug!

For, weel I ken, nae cauld phrase,
Nor courtly airs, nor lately ways,
Could gar me freer blame, or praise,
Or proffer hand,
Where "Rantin' Robble" and his lay
Thegither stand.

And see these hamely lines I send,
WT' jinglin' words at lika end,
In echo of the songs that vent
Frae thee to me
Like stammer brooks, w' mony a bent
O' "wimplin' glee."

In fancy, as w' dewy een,
I part the clouds about the scene
Where thou wast born, and peer'd atween,
I see me spot
In a' the Highlands o'er the green
And unforget!

I see nae storied castle-hall,
WT' banners flauntin' o'er the wall,
And serf and page in ready call,
See grand to me
As ane pair cotter's hut, w' all
Its poverty.

There where the simple daisy grew
Sae bonnie sweet, and modest, too,
Thy blin' filled his wee head fu'
O' a' a grace,
It aye is weepin' tears of dew
WT' droopin' face.

Frae where the leather bluebell flung
Their songs o' fragrance to the Spring,
To where the lavender soars to sing,
Still lives thy strain,
For a' the birds are twittering
Sangs like thine ain.

And aye, by light o' sun or moon,
By banks o' Ayr, or Bonnie Doon,
The waters lift nae tender tune
But sweeter seems
Because they pour'd their humpid rune
Through a' thy dreams.

WT' brimmin' lip, and laughin' ee,
Thou shookest even Grief w' glee,
Yet had nae nigard sympathy,
When sorrow bowed,
But gavest a' thy tears as free
As a' thy name.

And see it is we loe thy name
To see thee bless us w' sic a' fame
Tha' a' pretentious stars o' fame
Mun blink awaist,
To see how simple worth may shame
Their brightest gleam!

James Whitcombe Riley.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

Dear Sir,— This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me.

ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simons Bros. & Co., and Fenwick, Stoddard & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q. Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Doct St.

300-THREE-300 BOYS' SUITS.

TWO PRICE SUITS, for Boys, from 4 to 8 years.

THREE PRICE SUITS, for Boys, from 8 to 14 years.

OAK HALL, Cor. King and Germain Streets. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

WOOD AND SLATE MANTEL PIECES.



SILVER-PLATED WARE FOR TABLE USE, COMPRISING THE LATEST PATTERNS OF Useful Articles.

Celery Dishes, Bon Bon Dishes, Individual Salts and Peppers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, &c. FINE QUALITY, LOW PRICES. T. McAVITY & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

This is What the Model Grand has in the way of improvements—Low closet, with reservoir and pipe shelf; the ventilated oven door attachment, high shelf, mantle closet. These improvements are put on ten different varieties of this Stove. It is the talk of the women. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, Charlotte Street.

Children want KERR'S Girls want KERR'S Boys want KERR'S Ladies want KERR'S Everbody wants KERR'S KERR'S WHAT? KERR'S CONFECTIONERY.

Picture Frames. We would say: HAVING secured the services of one of the best stilders and moulders in the United States, we are prepared to execute all orders in fine Gold, Astoria, Florentine, Bronze and Combination patterns—these frames being made without joined corners, the newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention. Also in our Framing Department, we employ none but skilled workmen, as well as the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of fine Mats and Mounts. We can give our patrons frames of the finest woods used, including Cypress, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore, Hazel, Tulip, Bridge Maple, Oak, and all native woods. All orders will receive the prompt attention of S. L. GORRELL, Manager GORRELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street, Opposite Justice Block.

IN MUSICAL CHAIRS. Now that Lent is upon find anything very startling line to write of. Mrs. J. J. cale, I suppose evoked m week, but it is almost Well, it was a big crush have been quite a sum Tilly's hospital scheme house is most admirably thing of the kind, and I in her power to make the but oh! that programme. not to be described, w the time to be spent the crowded rooms. Half the would have answered ju an quite sure, that it (th the attraction which broo of the large audience. parlor concert on, a la about the worst thing on at, where a lot of peo that as long as they have stoll fee, they are entice note of your song, piano it may be, for a signal to perhaps, but what is wor tracing solo roce whic drive every sane thought er's brain, that is, if she o nervous. And the peopl good part of them, at Mrs exception to the rule. A ers they were good, had their services for "sweet they shall not be bad Mrs. Gilchrist sang an cello obligato, very fine Lord is my Shepherd" w Mr. Titus, was also very Carter and Mr. Titus sang "Morning Land," in wh blended beautifully. M suffering with a cold, "Moderation" in a very ner. Mr. Daniel sang "On the Deep," and pleased with the low (D he introduced in the clos feet was really very goo I am beginning to g with the Arion Waltz (I and am waiting patientl the "Emergency" quart new repertoire in sing Hamcock, Miss Young a all sang the numbers a nicely, and the Treble C selection by Sparr. M she "Clet" that a little acceptable; it is rather parts stand now. Th gies with equal force to choir, or at least to the which otherwise went o regards tempo and t Goddard substituted a Z by Carl Boehm, for the by Reinecke, as the acti piano is a little stiff fo number of running pas in the Ballade, and a Evening played Gotsche piano duet. It is a found favor with th need not say an Lindsay's solo, as said how well it suits Bowdoin's cello solo w The rest of the program duet, "The Peir Head" R. Armstrong and Mr. son; vocal duet by M Mrs. W. H. Horn, pian Misses Thorne and Al sang Scott-Gatty's "A finely indeed, and Miss lady who gives promiss markably good soprano trained properly—gave Reached my Heart." I zels, but am not sure. I have enlarged more up is almost too old to in performers, than was a where there is absolute out going on, what is o The St. James church taking a musicale and c hold in their school ro after Easter, and some have consented to tak the affair is to be by in not heard all the parti is to be given in the Presbytery church on street-east and Carran last week of this month Mr. Jas. S. Ford's "Ages," proved a great at St. John's church la and I join with many o congratulations to the c